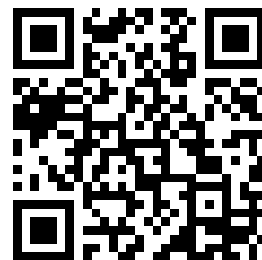

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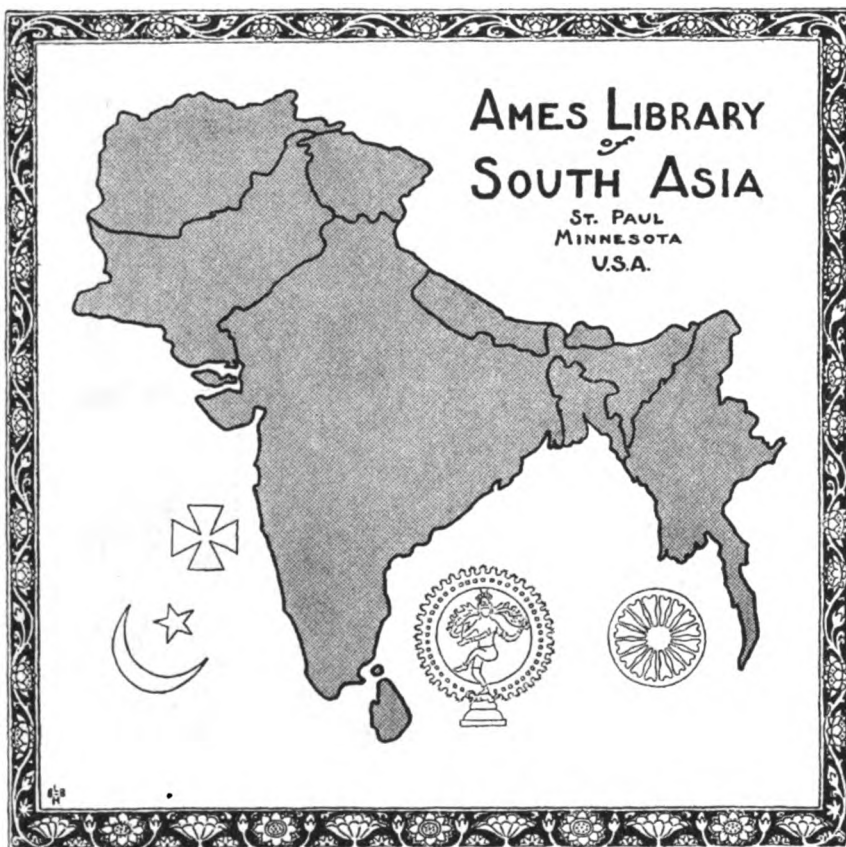
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AGRA

IN THE MUTINY



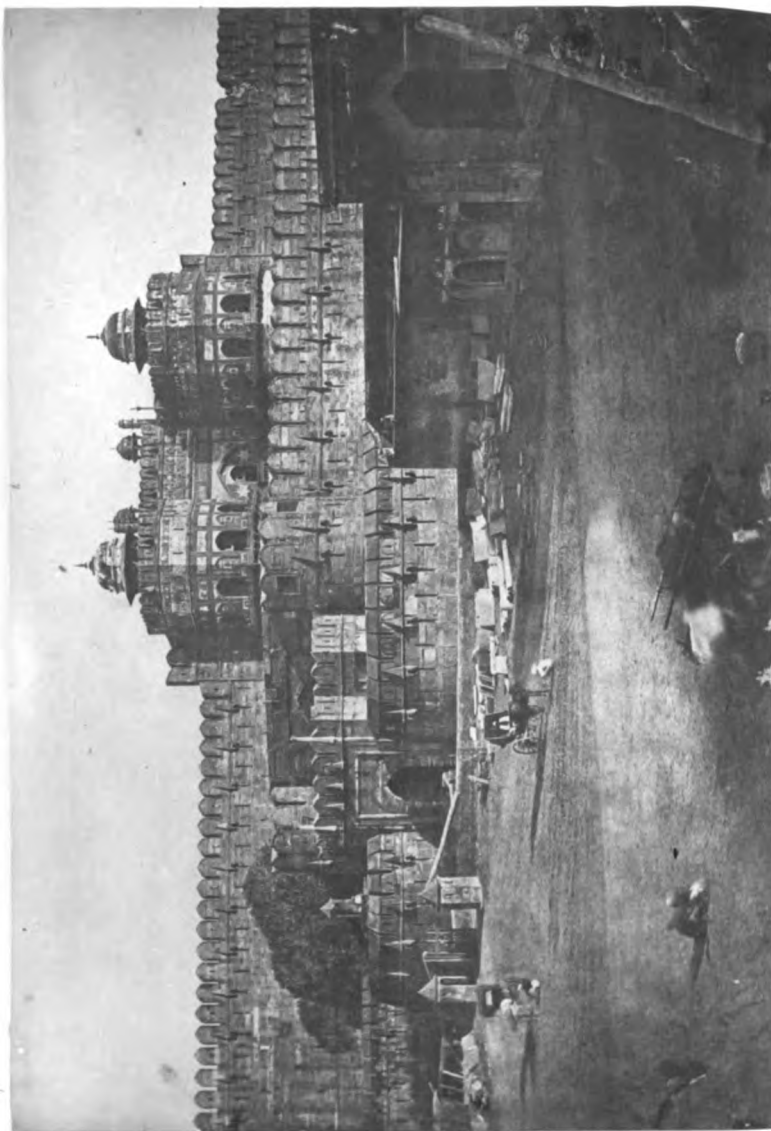
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AGRA
IN THE MUTINY



THE AGRA FORT (FROM THE CITY GATE).

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AGRA IN THE MUTINY;

AND THE

FAMILY LIFE OF W. & E. H. MUIR.
IN THE FORT

1857

A Sketch
FOR THEIR CHILDREN

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AGRA

IN THE MUTINY.

FOR some time, chiefly at the instance of Andy Wauchope, I have been pressed to give the family an account of our experience during the Mutiny of 1857. I shrank at first from the idea, and put it quite aside. By and by, however, the reasonableness of the request grew upon me. Five of our children were for several months shut up with us in the Fort, and for the whole family it was a time of great anxiety. Anything of a literary or historical character was, of course, out of the question; but it appeared on consideration quite possible, and for the above reason right and proper, that I should give a simple outline of that eventful period, in so far as it affected us personally.

Musing thus, I was led to look over the half-dozen volumes of Mutiny records which I kept

6 *Intelligence Department Noticed by Kaye*

up in 1857 when in charge of the Intelligence Department, and which I had cast aside amid other old documents relating to my work in India. And I turned also to Kaye's account of Agra, in his *Sepoy War*, where I was startled to read this long-forgotten passage :—

“We had wisely organised an Intelligence Department, of which William Muir had the chief direction. It was highly important at such a time that reliable information should be obtained from the Officers of Government themselves, in place of the gossip of the bazaars, or the confused statements of frightened messengers, and no man could have done the work better than Muir. The semi-official or private correspondence that came in from day to day was full of the most instructive and suggestive details. It was said that he was a little over-chary in the dissemination of the intelligence he obtained. But this can scarcely be regarded as a fault, when we consider how likely it was, amid such a population as that of the Agra Fort, a story once floated would be exaggerated or distorted, and might rather add to the anxieties than strengthen the confidence of our people. There was, in truth, little or nothing of an exhilarating character to be communicated, so, perhaps, silence at such a time was of better metal than speech.”—
Vol. iii. p. 406.

Reading thus, it dawned upon me that these same old neglected books, containing as they do the result of my daily correspondence with the

Records of the Department Preserved 7

officers of the Company throughout our beleaguered districts, and still more the often hourly record of reports taken at the mouth of messengers and spies, might have a special interest and value not only for the family, but for others desiring to consult them. Besides much personal information, they present a vivid picture of our insulated position at Agra, and of the reeking flood of mutiny that poured around us. These records had been made over to Kaye, and were used by him till, on his untimely death in the middle of his great work, they were returned to me and put aside. I have now gone carefully over them. How they carry one back to those terrible times, and to the singular experience of the Agra Fort when we, with five or six thousand souls, were segregated for months within its walls from all the world!

I mention these Volumes here, simply because they led my thoughts back to the days of the Mutiny. In using them for my little story, I have only referred to such occasional details in them as bear upon our life at Agra, and the dangers that beset us. There is no attempt at

8 *Life at Agra before the Mutiny*

following the Mutiny elsewhere. I will notice at the end of this sketch how I propose to deal with the Volumes themselves. Meanwhile I proceed to the rough and ready outline which I have promised to the family, of our life and experiences at Agra.

I landed in India the end of 1837, and your Mother the end of the following year. After taking home our three oldest children from Futtehpore in 1846, we returned with Johnny, and settled at Agra in 1847. There I joined the Board of Revenue as its Secretary, and a few years after was appointed Secretary to the Government of the North-West Provinces under Mr. Thomason. On his death in 1853, I continued to hold the same post under Mr. Colvin; and with him, after the opening of the Ganges Canal in April 1854, we went up to the summer retreat of Nynie Tal, and continued to do so in the two following summers of 1855 and 1856.*

* I may here mention that five of our children lie buried in India. Our third, Jimmy, died at Futtehpore in 1845, and is buried at Cawnpore. Helen died at Mussoorie in

From thence, in May 1856, I was unexpectedly summoned down to Agra, to officiate as junior member of the Board of Revenue; my colleague, E. A. Reade, being senior member. Arriving thus unprepared, I was hospitably entertained by Dr. Murray, whose house was close by our own, his wife being then at home. There, for the first time, I met our dear friend Farquhar, who, having just come from the Punjab, was also living with Murray; there also I first met William Lowe, then Secretary to the Board. Shortly after, there passed through Agra, travelling along from Central India, just like an organised army, a terrible attack of cholera. Its ravages were fearful; and your Mother, alarmed at its fell progress, hurried down in anxiety for me from Nynie Tal, and lived with us in the

1849, and is buried by her grandparents at Dera. When on circuit with Mr. Colvin in 1855, we lost our little Maggie; her grave, outside the city gate at Delhi, escaped injury during the siege; and when passing through Delhi for the opening of the Okley Canal, we found it in good order, close by General Nicholson's. Wemyssie died in 1872, and was buried at Allahabad. And, lastly, our sweet Katie's tomb is at Roorkee.

B

chummery at Murray's house till the disease in time abated.* It was a brave and loving act to come down to the plains in the crisis of the summer heat. A few months afterwards (7th December) the twins were born.

Some six weeks after their birth, in January 1857, we set out on a circuit, which, as Member of the Board, I had to take throughout the upper districts of the North-West Provinces. And so we travelled in camp with the children up the Doab by Meerut and Seharunpore, and round by Kurnaul and Delhi, returning home again by the Goorgaon and Muttra districts on the left bank of

* A most wonderful attack it was,—a pestilential inroad like one of those which, in past times, used to travel from China all through Asia to the West (see the *Mameluke Dynasty*, p. 94), as indeed the cholera did in 1830. It came regularly up from Central India as by a continuous march; and entering Agra was sometimes known to attack one side of a street without touching the other, and thus on it marched to the districts beyond us.

We have often known the cholera to break out among the multitudes assembled at the Hurdwar Fair, and then follow the crowds of returning pilgrims to their homes. But I never remember an attack like the one of 1856, in which, along a new track, it took the lead itself.

the Jumna;—that is, through a country and cities which shortly after were convulsed with outrage and rebellion. How quiet and peaceful it all was then! During our tour, however, the cartridge trouble had transpired. In February, the Pandy regiments at Barrackpore began to show disloyalty; and from thence, as a kindling centre, factious emissaries were being sent all over the land to infect the Hindoo regiments. And they felt their power; for India had been drained of its European troops for the Russian War. From Meerut to Calcutta, say over 1000 miles, there were but three European corps,—one with us, one at Lucknow, and one at Patna; while the cities teemed with native regiments. No wonder that the Pandies saw the game to be all in their own hands. It was at the close of March that Mungal Pandy was shot, and immediately after the Nineteenth Regiment was disbanded.

About the middle of March, I met Sir Henry Lawrence as he passed through Agra from Rajpootana to Lucknow; and about the end of the month, Sir Henry Durand rested with us as he journeyed to take Lawrence's place at Indore. I

remember conversing with him on the outlook of affairs. There was anxiety as to the spread of discontent, but no immediate sense of the volcanic ground on which at the moment the Company's rule was standing. As the result of his observations, he wrote while with us to Lord Canning, noting especially that our General, Polewhele, discounted as unwise the anxious views of the younger officers, who felt that the Sepoy corps generally were sympathisers with the Nineteenth Regiment.* But it was all too true; and April passed sullenly away, while mutinous messengers were secretly spreading treachery among the Pandy regiments everywhere.

At last came the crash; and on Sunday the 10th May, as the Europeans were preparing for church parade at Meerut, the great Mutiny broke out. On Monday, 11th, a message was received from a lady at Meerut by her aunt at Agra, warning her not to start for Meerut, as the cavalry had risen, set fire to the houses, and killed all European officers and soldiers they could find;—a message, as Kaye says, scanty in words but of

* Kaye, iii. p. 239.

tremendous significance.† It was the last message the broken wires conveyed. For one or two days we were left in ominous gloom, till, by degrees, the awful truth transpired with the terrible addition of the fall of Delhi and slaughter of every European there. During the month, there was mutiny all around. The regiments at Allygurh, Mynpoory, and Etawah, one after another, went the way of their wild bloodthirsty brethren, and the consternation at Agra was intense. People rushed to the Fort with all their goods and chattels; but permission to enter was shortly after withdrawn, and then R. Drummond's policy was rigidly adopted of avoiding even ordinary precautions, lest the people should construe them into signs of fear and of alarm. Had reasonable arrangements been allowed, how much might have been saved, not only for the convenience of all who eventually took refuge in the Fort, but of valuable records, literature, etc. At the end of May, Muttra, some thirty miles off, went like the rest, and then arose with us the panic of sudden attack from its rebel Sepoys. There were

† *Ibid.* p. 595.

at this period times of intense anxiety, when a day seemed to hang upon one like a year, and the thought was of nothing but the danger to the dear ones about us.* Driving through the streets, I remember the singular feeling as if we had suddenly become strangers in a strange land,—as if, in fact, the people were pitifully regarding us as shortly, like all around us, to be swept away. While the road down country was still open and regarded safe for carriage Daks, I at one time thought of sending off your Mother and the children to Calcutta, escaping thus the danger that was luring upon Agra. Indeed, the carriage had been ordered. I dare not think upon it but with a shudder, as they would almost certainly have been stopped at Cawnpore,—a terrible thought! Thank God, the danger was apprehended in time, and the idea dropped.

As time went on, Volunteer companies were formed. To encourage the movement I joined it at first on the dear old brown mare, though

* At such times one did not think even of meals, and the only thing that flourished was the beard. With me, as with many others, it was the beginning of that luxury.

my duties lay in another direction ; and I remember Charlie, then a little lad of seven, following us in play with boyish delight, clad in his little uniform, with red kummerbund and turban round his solatopee, on his small white pony. The Gwalior Bodyguard was a great help to us, and indeed the countenance of Scindia, supported as he was by that grand man, my friend Dinkur Rao, was invaluable. But they failed to curb their heavy Contingent, which at last, in the middle of June, mutinied and massacred our people at Gwalior, of whom but a small portion escaped to Agra. Major Macpherson, the Agent, was immensely serviceable, keeping us ever *en rapport* with Scindia, and helping us with information from that quarter.

I have no clear recollection whether I was present in Cantonments (some two or three miles off) when Mr. Colvin, on the 15th May, addressed the two Native corps, and was received by them with a hollow cheer. But I have the most vivid picture before my mind of the night of the 30th May, when, in consequence of the sudden intelligence that the

Bhurtpore troops who, on the farther side beyond Muttra, were escorting Harvey to Delhi, had mutinied and might at any moment come against us, it was determined next morning to disarm our Sepoy regiments. At midnight a notice went round for all families to betake themselves, by early dawn, to the several rendezvous already appointed as places of resort in case of danger. Your Mother at once went up to ours ("Loyd's Kothee," at top of a hill close by), and slept there with the children; by the morning this house and all about it had become a strange scene, crowded with women and shrieking children. Meanwhile, Farquhar and I had volunteered to carry the warning of the danger over that quarter of the station that lay next the city. It was a singular sight and marvellous lesson that night's experience. Some even of the ladies were brave and prepared for all risks; others least expected, even of the other sex, trembled and almost fainted for fear. From the Convent to the Mission House, we warned every one; and by the dawn we, like the rest, were at our rendezvous. It overlooked the Jail, where part of the disarma-

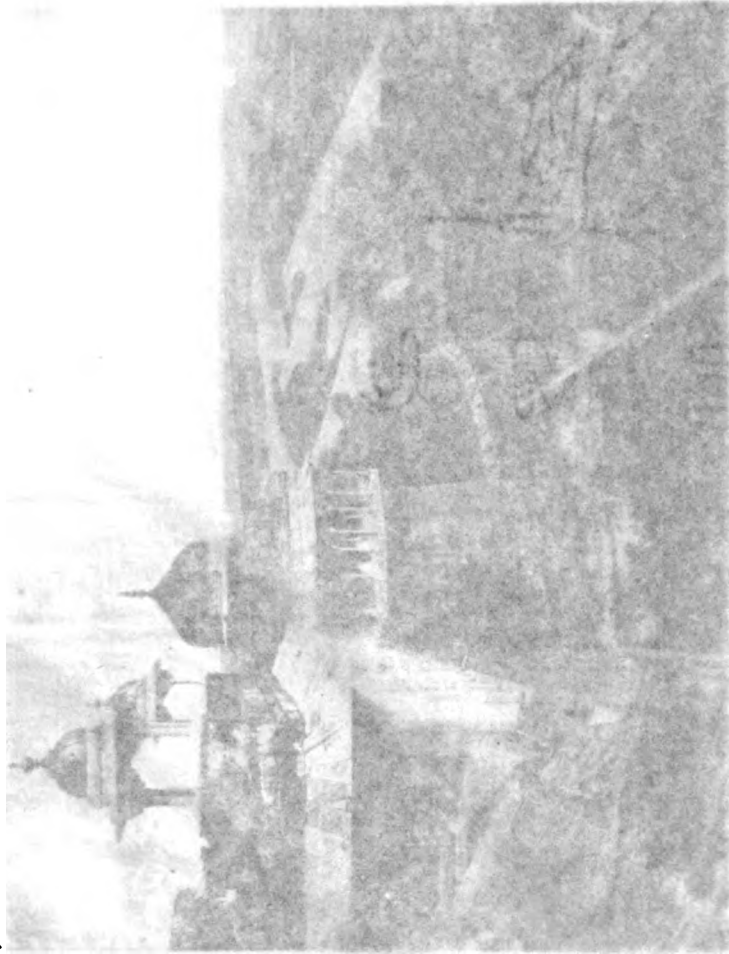
ment was being carried out under our eyes. Fortunately, both there and in Cantonments, all was safely and well accomplished. The Sepoys generally went off to their homes, and for the time Agra was relieved of immediate danger.

And so we entered June. The story of this fateful month at Agra is told with wonderful truth by Kaye, whose vivid description of scenes, and of the character of those concerned, come to my recollection as marvellously accurate and sound. But I have not a single note or memorandum of events till the following month. Harington, Reade, and I had been nominated, in a sort of informal way by Mr. Colvin, to keep the wheels of Government in motion, Judicial, Financial, and Revenue respectively. But as tract after tract fell out of our hands, the administration collapsed, and the labour of conducting it shrank to nothing; there was in fact no Government to conduct. This was especially the case with my department. Every now and then, as things seemed to brighten, a little revenue might appear. But at last all came

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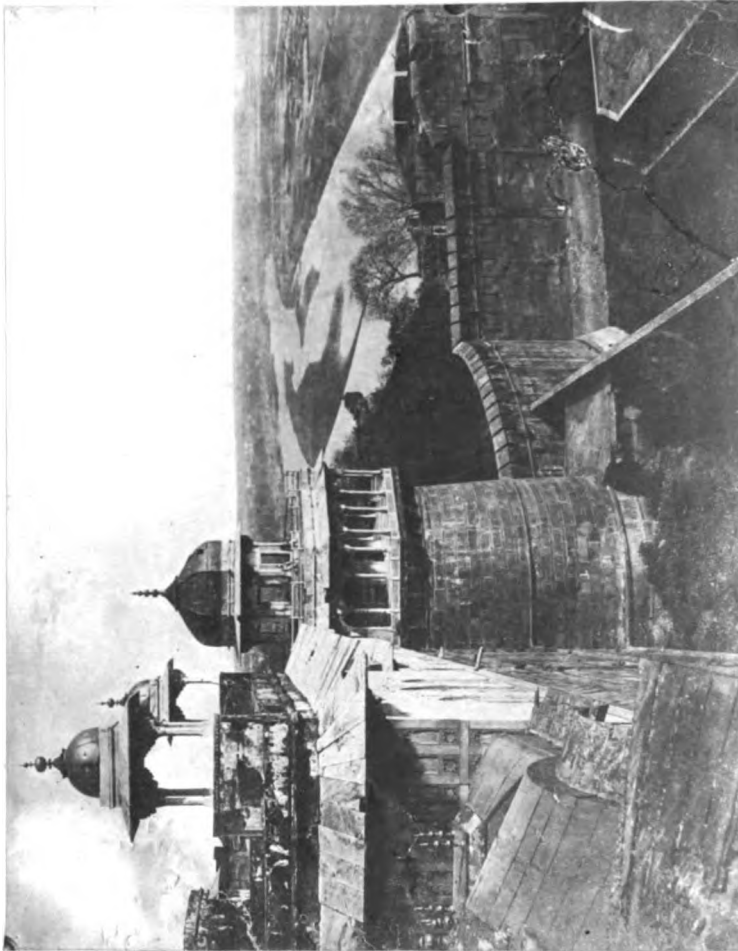
to an end, and my occupation was left high and dry; for otherwise I rather kept aside from the Lieutenant-Governor's councils, in which a good deal of feeling sometimes transpired.

And thus the month of June wore away, till towards its close the Mutineer body from Nemuch and Nusseerabad, instead of, as was expected, crossing over to Dehli, were found to be marching direct upon us. Then, as they approached, things began to look so threatening that the women and children were warned (it might well have been before) to take refuge in the Fort at once. The chamber allotted to us was a long, bare, stone room on the lower floor on the east side of the Dewan-Khas, or Palace Square, with windows looking into the square. It served, when fitted with a few simple pieces of furniture, for all purposes of the day, and for the numerous neighbouring friends who took their meals with us. At night the further end, when curtained off for our beds, was suitable enough for ourselves and the children. Beyond the actual necessities of life



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AGRA FORT, EASTERN CORNER, LOOKING ACROSS THE JUMNA.

and reasonable comfort, we could bring in nothing to our room; but we managed to save and store away what things we chiefly wished to keep.* It was Wednesday, the 1st of July, that your Mother, with our five children,† left the dear old house at Hurree Purbut, where we had lived so long, and occupied this room. A curious incident here occurred. The Dhai who nursed Thomason, shut out by the European guard at the Ummer Singh Gate, in terror of her life took refuge under one of the Fort bridges, and feared to enter again. But most fortunately for the poor child, and for us all, after two days she saw a company of native women working at the Fort gate, and getting one of them to let her change clothes with her, thus managed to get in as if a Coolly woman, and in joy so reached our room.

* I remember the first thing I sent into the Fort for preservation was the precious MS. of Wackidi, which, after having used it for my *Life of Mahomet*, I eventually made over to the India Office Library. A beautiful copy made from the same MS. is now in our University Library.

† Charlie was then seven years old; Bessy and Katie came next; and the twins made up the five.

I myself, with Thornhill and Farquhar, slept out for the rest of the week at the Mofussilite Press, close by the Magistrate's house, ready for any emergency. The Mutineer force steadily advanced upon us, and our troops were held in readiness to meet them. On Sunday morning the 5th, after breakfasting in the Fort, I rode down to the General's house in cantonments, where the leading officers were assembled, to see what was going on. At last, after much indecision, General Polewhele, finding that the enemy were already within two or three miles of us, had resolved on meeting them at once, and I was deputed with a message to see that the Company guarding the Jail were forthwith despatched to join the rest of the regiment. It was a trying ride, for every creature, man, woman and child, had fled; and all along the deserted road, for a couple of miles or more, I met not a single soul. Especially as I passed the Ajmere Gate, by which lay the enemy's road, I felt, keeping hand on pistol, that at any turn their scouts might have been down and had a shot at me. But my good old mare carried me

swiftly along. After reaching the Jail, which was all in confusion while the prisoners were being released and led across the river, I delivered my message and returned to the Fort. My way now lay through the main street of the city, which was in a strange state of excitement and alarm, knowing well as the people did that any reverse would plunge the whole place into uproar, and put both loyal and disloyal at the mercy of miscreants and rebels everywhere. But I got safely through, to your Mother's intense thankfulness and relief. The Durzie afterwards told her that when he saw me riding along the street, he felt as if he would never see me again.

Then followed the anxious watching from the ramparts of the Fort, the first intelligence of our force being obliged to retire, and the sad sight of the wounded brought in with the re-entering troops. Beyond one or two shots to keep the immediate neighbourhood clear, there was no firing from the Fort; all were now within the walls; beyond them, everything was in the insurgent's hands. From the ramparts we could see the bungalows far and near—the thatched roofs giving

every facility to the incendiaries—in a vast blaze during all the night, and the savage Sowars cantering round our flaming homes. Thank God for the Fort of Agra! What would it not have been for our dear ones on that dreadful night without it, but a place of awful peril! I find that on the Monday I began letters to Sir H. Lawrence, and also to the *Bombay Times*.^{*} As the Bombay letter records in detail our position at Agra, before and after the battle, and the battle itself, I think it will be of interest to quote the greater part of it here. After describing the composition and advance of the Nemuch force, the report continues :—

Our position at Agra was in some degree complicated by having to guard our monster Jail † by European troops, for the Jail nujeebs (armed guard) had gone off in a body towards the end of the month. If the 3rd Europeans should be required in the field, it would be necessary to draw off the men employed on this duty, and the only resource left was

^{*} I find reference to a previous letter which I must have written to this newspaper, but have no copy of it.

† It was the Central jail for the North-West Provinces, containing a vast collection of the worst prisoners in the land.

Military Arrangements in and about Agra 23

to make over the custody of the jail to the Sikh prisoners, who were to be released and armed for the purpose.

The Kotah contingent—a small force consisting of about 600 men of all arms, with two guns—reached us in the early part of June. It remained encamped for some time between this and Muttra, and was then marched across the Jumna to Sydabad, sixteen miles on the Allygurh road, where it did good service in quieting the country, to such an extent that the revenue balances were beginning to come in. As danger began to threaten us from the Nemuch troops, this corps was gradually drawn in towards Agra, and was marched into the native lines of our cantonments on Friday the 3rd July. It was generally believed to be sufficiently staunch to hold this position with European guns and bayonets close at hand. But some little symptoms of disrespect to British officers, and the suspicion of them prevalent in the city, were symptomatic of disaffection, especially among the Sowars. Syfoolla Khan's levy of Keraolee horse and foot continued up to this time to be of the utmost service to us in keeping the Agra district peaceful. It was now brought close to the city, and encamped on the enemy's road.

Besides these purely military forces, we had an organised body of Militia, consisting of unattached officers, civilians, and clerks. It numbered 50 or 60 horse and about 200 foot. They had been under drill for only two or three weeks, and were generally raw and imperfect in military evolutions. The effect of the Contingent mutinying at Gwalior, was slowly but surely to draw off the Contingent of horse which had been hitherto assisting us in various quarters. About the end of June or beginning of July, accordingly, Raikes' horse at Mynpoory, Alexander's at Hatrass, and Burlton's at or about

Allygurh, became disaffected, not without violence. Pearson's battery of nine-pounders followed them. The result was the arrival of all the European officers of those troops at Agra, and the withdrawal of the magistrates of Mynpoory, Allygurh, and Muttra from the positions they had hitherto been occupying. Such was our situation when the Nemuch mutineers came down upon us.

On Wednesday, the 1st of July, we had intelligence that they were at Futtehpoore Sikri, distant twenty-two miles, and had seized our officials there, some of whom went over to them. The Tehseeldar seems to have been carried off and maltreated, and his arm broken. The Moonsif was made Tehseeldar by the mutineers, and the Thannadars and Resaldar maintained in their posts. Arrangements had been in progress for some days, judiciously directed by the Lieutenant-Governor, for bringing the more helpless classes, schools, etc. into the Fort. Almost all the ladies who were yet outside, now betook themselves to the Fort; the gentlemen slept in rendezvous outside.

A picket of our Militia horse was posted at Pithoulie, three or four miles out of Agra. On Saturday the 4th, they brought in accounts that the enemy was picketed half-way between this and Futtehpoore Sikri, and that their advance guard was coming on. Upon this, it was resolved that our forces should proceed to meet them. The Kotah contingent was to move out in the afternoon, and the European regiment at eight in the evening. Syfoolla's Keraolee levy was already in that direction. In the afternoon, the Kotah contingent moved and halted outside the town, but had hardly done so when they mutinied, the cavalry taking the lead, the infantry and artillery passive. They shot at their officers, but killed only one sergeant. The

corps went off towards the enemy. Our Militia pickets happened to be near, and in the midst of a thickening storm, followed up the retreating troops, cutting up some, and what was of more importance, bringing back the guns and all the ammunition.

Two of our guns, which had been placed with Syfoolla's force, were precautionally brought in the night before. The force was discontented at this mark of suspicion; and, on the ground of being unsupported, asked leave to go home. This was granted, and Syfoolla led them off towards Jugneyr on Sunday morning. Some of the horse probably seceded to the enemy. We heard nothing more of the Ulwur Durbar troops, who promised great things in harassing the mutineers. So we were left alone with our 3rd Europeans, the Company of artillery, and the Militia.

A little before midday on Sunday, our picket came in with the intelligence that the enemy was within two or three miles of Agra; their advanced guard even pushing in from Shahgunje, a suburb close to Government House. Immediate measures were taken for an advance by us. The Jail guard of fifty soldiers was called in to join the main body,* and all marched off about one o'clock P.M. Two hundred of the 3rd Europeans, and a portion of the Militia were left behind to guard the Fort. Only about five hundred of the former were thus available for the field. The Company of artillery, considering that it had only lately been horsed, was in an efficient state, and was officered by gallant fellows, D'Oyley, Pearson, Lamb, and Fuller. The troops halted at Shahgunje for half-an-hour, to allow the party from the Jail to come up, and to refresh themselves. They

* It was at this time I carried the message to the Jail.

then moved forward, and believing the enemy to be in force with their artillery commanding the Futtehpore Sikri road, defiled to the right of it by the back of a high-walled garden, and took up a position beyond. The regiment then formed into line and advanced in échelon with their front bearing obliquely on the road, and facing the village of Bhondagaon, in and about which, at the distance of one and a half or two miles, we subsequently discovered the enemy to be posted. The European infantry formed the centre, flanked on the right by half our battery, under D'Oyley, and the left by the other half, under Pearson. The Artillery, again, was protected by the Volunteer horse and foot to the extreme right and left of our position. In this order we advanced till we again approached the road, our extreme left nearly resting upon it. Between two and three o'clock, when we were about half a mile from Bhondagaon, the mutineer Artillery unexpectedly opened upon us from their right. We found it to be planted on either side the village, and there are believed to have been as many as eleven or twelve guns (six and nine-pounders). The mutineer Infantry, some two thousand strong, occupied the village; and large bodies of our well-trained cavalry—some six or eight hundred—were scattered around.

Our artillery lost little time in replying to the enemy's fire, and a fierce cannonade was kept up,—our line advancing till the left guns had well crossed the road. The advance continued till our infantry came up to the village. About this time the cannonade was so hot that they were directed to lie down and take such advantage as they could of the shelter of the walls or trees to fire upon the village. Meanwhile, two of our tumbrils on the left blew up from the enemy's shot—for their guns were well served; and one of our cannon had

its carriage destroyed. The remaining two guns with their tumbrils executed a rapid movement about 60 yards backwards to avoid the contact of exploding ammunition, amid the cheers of the enemy; but they soon turned, unlimbered, and were at work again.

The enemy's horse now appeared in great numbers on our left, and at one time made a charge which threatened our guns on that side. They were met by our left flank volunteer horse, twenty-five in number, who made a brave counter-charge, and checked their advance. The mutineer horse were, however, so greatly superior in numbers that, though obliged to stand at a safe distance, they crept round our team, and began to harass our infantry, but a volley obliged them to retire. If that immense body of horse had shown any courage, or had been at all efficiently handled, it would have seriously affected our position.

The battery on our right continued to advance; and our infantry, having entered the village and set fire to it, were now in a position to have stormed and entirely dislodged the enemy, when, to the dismay of all, it was announced that our ammunition, owing to explosion of the tumbrils and our rapid firing, had been entirely expended. There was now no alternative but to retire; and the retreat, in the face of artillery and clouds of horse, was executed in an admirable manner. The troops in fact retired with all the order and steadiness of a parade, and reached the Fort at about 5 P.M. The action lasted full two hours. We had 30 killed and about 80 wounded. The enemy's loss we do not know; but although they were under cover of a village, their casualties were probably greater than ours. Their brigade-major lost his two hands, and is said to have died afterwards. The result

certainly has been that, although the field was left in their hands for a time, they decamped without delay, towards Muttra. The fact is that their ammunition was nearly as low as ours; that we were on the eve of a great victory against tremendous odds; and that if we had gone out again the next day, well supplied with ammunition, we must have driven them from their post. Various circumstances, however, prevented this; among others, the disorganisation of our field battery from the desertion of the greater portion of our native artillery drivers, so that the day after the fight we could only have effectively equipped two guns of horse artillery.

In criticising the battle, it is the opinion of some of our authorities that the ardent European infantry should have been led earlier to a dashing charge at the village, which might have been carried and the enemy routed before our ammunition ran so low. I do not pretend to judge this point. I am satisfied with the final result. Against immense odds we held our own ground and pushed forward. All our ammunition was used up. Then we quickly retired, and the result was the disappearance of the enemy next day.

Although no large body of the enemy ventured from their camp, the loose cavalry that harassed our rear prowled around the outskirts of the City and Station, firing the bungalows and cantonments, and giving the signal of licence and plunder to the too ready villains of the town. In sight of our retreating column, the Normal School—an elegant building, erected by the late Lieutenant-Governor—was set on fire, and the wild Sowars could be discerned from the Fort galloping savagely round it. All night the lurid flames of burning houses lighted the heavens. Fortunately, by the foresight of the Lieutenant-Governor, the whole of the Christian population, with exception of a few too

venturesome,* were safe within the Fort. Beyond one or two guns, fired in defiance as well as to protect buildings within easy range of the Fort, nothing passed that evening. Next morning, the Mussulmans of the city, on a rumour that we had almost all been killed, were debating whether they should not proceed to the enemy's camp and make their peace, when the disaffected were confounded and our adherents overjoyed by tidings that the Mutineer army had gone. We did not know this for some considerable time, and were preparing ourselves for an attack which was noised abroad, probably by the Mutineers themselves, to cover their departure. But we were ready for any attack; and even if shut in by a siege train—which they had not, possessed two months' provisions in the Fort.

Monday and Tuesday were passed inactively. We kept ourselves shut up in the Fort, though we had positively not a man to oppose us. On Wednesday (8th) a demonstration was made by marching a column through the city, and (I regret to say) by plundering the shop of a large Mahometan merchant in the military bazaar. Our friends from the city now began to come in, and arrangements were set on foot for the reorganisation of the police.

20th July.—Our magistrate, the Hon. R. Drummond, had preserved an admirable front throughout the disturbances, and had maintained the city in perfect peace and security up to the time of the appearance of the enemy before our walls. Then, of course, when the inhabitants of a town, open and unprotected,

* About twenty, I believe, lost their lives that night by not retiring to the Fort.

saw themselves exposed to the ravages of the enemy if he chanced to drive back our so much smaller force, the reins of ordinary authority were cut asunder. The civil administration gave place to the military.

At this point, moreover, a peculiarity in the system, pursued by Mr. Drummond, was felt to be a serious defect and embarrassment. He had not only trusted mainly to the respectable Mahometans for information and advice, but had employed them almost exclusively in the Government service, both revenue and police, both in high and in low office. However excellent and trustworthy these men under other circumstances might have been, they were now placed in a peculiarly trying position from the religious and Mahometan element at this time dominant in the mutineer movement. The whole police officers and men (almost all Moslems) quitted their posts. The Burkundazas are said to have been forward in committing enormities against us in the city, and in plunder; while some of the influential Moslem citizens, both in and out of office, are suspected of connivance. A few joined the enemy. Many respectable, and, I believe, strictly loyal men, who in our re-arrangements would have been of essential use to us, were repelled and alarmed by the fierce anti-Moslem feeling which they knew pervaded most Civilians and almost all the Military leaders. Mahometans therefore, both high and low, fled in multitudes from Agra, partly, no doubt, conscience stricken, partly through apprehensions just described. Crowds, it is said, repaired to the mutineer camp at Muttra, complaining against imaginary cruelties and excesses committed by us against them, to whom the General commanding the enemy promised to send a detachment for their assistance.

Our police having thus vanished, it became necessary,

on the return of tranquillity, to make new constabulary arrangements. The Lieutenant-Governor (who for a week had been entirely prostrated by illness, but was now able partially to resume business) determined on the judicious plan of working mainly through the Hindoos, whom alone we can, at this juncture, as a body depend upon, without displaying any antagonism against, or any active distrust of the Mahometans. This policy, however, ran so counter to Mr. Drummond's previous system and agency, that the Government was obliged to supersede him, and appoint another officer to his post. The arrangements for the security of the city have been thus peacefully and effectively carried out.

[The correspondence with Bombay here ends by saying that the Nemuch troops, being now bound for Delhi, everything was quiet at Agra, and our only apprehensions were in regard to the mutinous body at Gwalior.]

As our troops returned from the battle, the wounded were at once carried into the Motee Musjid, the beautiful Mosque of the Fort,* which made a most comfortable hospital. Poor D'Oyley was so badly struck in the stomach that the uniform could not be removed from his poor body; and it was sad to see him, as I did, without even the comfort of being able to lie

* There is also, if I remember rightly, another small Mosque for the more private worship of those of princely rank.

down in peace. He did not long survive. Kaye gives a charming account of Mrs. Raike's hospital, which Dr. Farquhar got her to establish for the sick of the non-military inhabitants; the description also of the other ladies by the same correspondent, I may quote here, specially for its touching notice of your Mother:—

Here was Lady Outram discussing the thousand and one rumours of the Fort, always cheerful, lightly treating the adventures of her walk barefooted for many miles on escaping from Allygurh, . . . sometimes borne on her *Taunjon*, her son, Frank Outram, walking beside her. It was a delight to the European soldiers, scattered about Arsenal Square, to see her with her serene face, always ready with a kind smile and a kind word. In Palace Square was Mrs. (now Lady) Muir, with her five children, cheery as a sunbeam, energetic in promoting the employment and welfare of the native Christians, with her neighbour, Mrs. C. B. Thornhill, enlisting other ladies in good work, stirring up the subscriptions for the wounded and destitute of the North-Western Provinces. She and those above-mentioned leaders in the social scale, were leaders also in the multiplied tasks of urging the well-disposed to active usefulness, relieving the poor, providing guardianship for waifs and strays of humanity, visiting and supporting schools, soothing vain alarms, repressing the vindictive feeling against the natives of the country, promoting charity among all.*

* Kaye, vol. iii. p. 400-402.

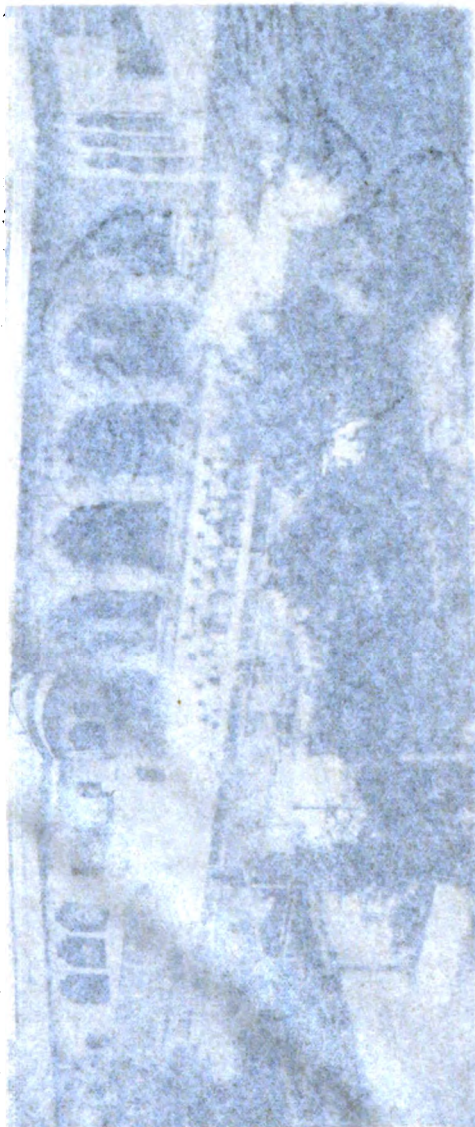
The picture is by no means overdrawn. The native Christians, several hundreds in number, after some doubt as to whether there was room for them in the Fort, were all, thank God, allowed to enter, very much at French's hands, for otherwise he would have stayed out with them, and have surely shared their fate.* It was a noble act, which few but he would have attempted. Our servants were, with one exception (the mahometan Bheestie), faithful to us; but, of course, were not then allowed into the Fort, and in their absence the native Christians were of great use. But it required all the influence of your Mother and her friends to keep them from being harshly treated, for the unkindly feeling towards Natives had already begun to spread. Among other

* French and Stuart came out together a few years before, and on their arrival in Agra, during the summer and autumn, stayed for weeks with us in the "Library" by our house—there being no other place available for them in the Station. Stuart had before the Mutiny left for Calcutta, where he was for long Secretary to the C.M.S.; but French was still Head of the C.M.S. College at Agra. They were both consecrated Bishops (Punjab and Waiapu) in the same week.

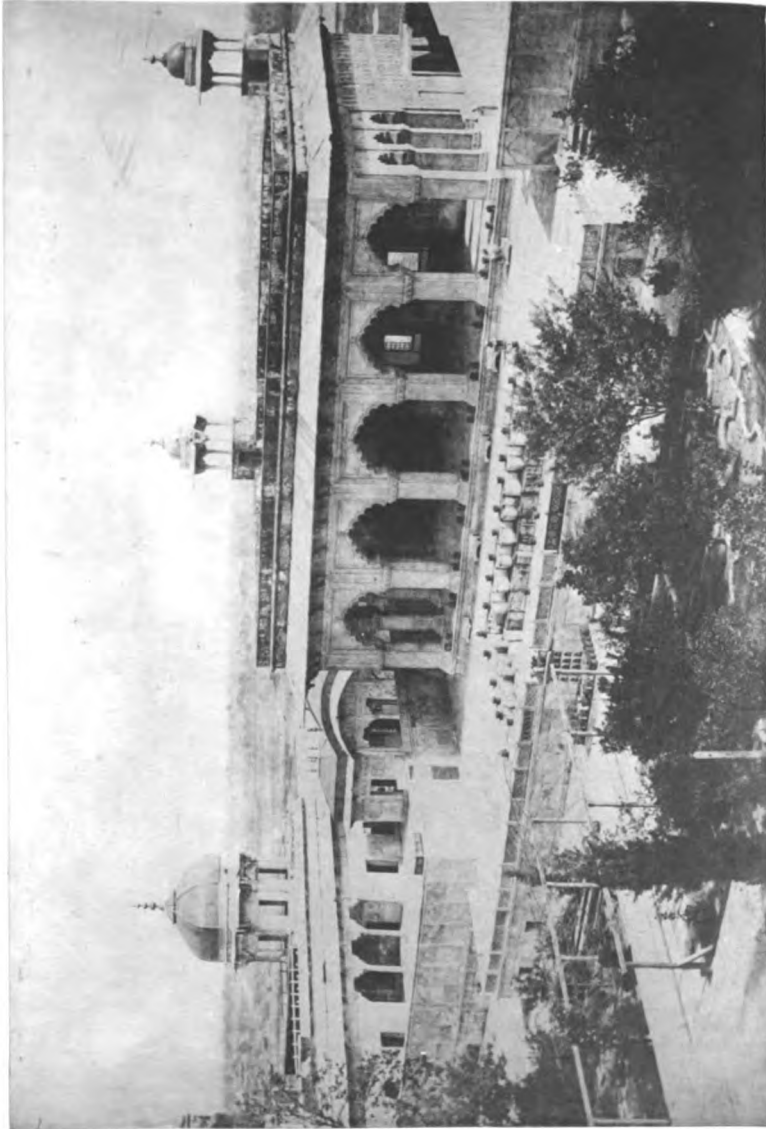
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services of your Mother's was the appointment of a little room we called "the Hospital," close by us, where she tended Jim Power then sick, and Colonel Eld, who came in wounded from Allygurh. She also helped to nurse Mrs. French, who was very poorly, in our Square, and also Mrs. Thornhill; both of whom had babies while in the Fort.

So far as our surroundings went, the spacious Square in which we lived was well kept, and in seasonable weather afforded pleasant range for strolling about; as well as the bigger Square—*Dewân-i-âm*—beyond it, and the ramparts on the city side. At the further end of our Palace Square was the *Dewân-i-khâs*, or royal room of reception, with a charming look-out across the Jumna River, over which it stands loftily. This palatial hall served as our Church for the English service, and, indeed, for the worship of Presbyterians, Roman Catholics, and all others; so that on Sundays there was a continuous succession of services, the vision of which would somewhat have startled the Imperial assemblies of ancient days.



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PALACE SQUARE (UPPER END) WITH DEVAN I KHAS.

And so we settled down, most of us with something however small to do, in an otherwise listless life, cut off from all the world, in a little world of our own, with no concern beyond the ramparts of our Fort. One remembers the strange feeling, as looking across the river, we felt that even the other bank was, one might say, not our own but foreign land. Yet, with a family and surroundings such as ours, there still was work (as Kaye says) for busy hands to do. It was during the worst hot months of the year that we were thus incarcerated, and it may well be imagined that, with none of the accessories to moderate the heat, or avoid the floods of rain, it must often have been in our little quarters a wearisome time, especially for the little ones. In the lack of servants, we had not even bearers to pull the Punkahs, and so with mosquitoes and the other annoyances of the hot and rainy months, the surroundings were often stifling. But, thank God, we were upon the whole kept well. The glare from which there was often no escape, brought on a severe attack of inflammation in the eyes of both the twins that alarmed us much, as

it might have been even dangerous to their eyesight. It was with difficulty kept down, but continued more or less till we got out of the Fort. There was at one time a serious threatening of cholera epidemic, and we lost by it our nephew, James Wemyss, who had taken refuge with us from Muttra, and had a berth in the side of the square opposite to us. But, otherwise, we were spared from this dread malady, thank God. And last, but not least, we regard it as one of our special mercies that we had so loving and affectionate a friend in Dr. Farquhar. No brother could have attached himself more kindly to us, helping us and our children at every turn, and anticipating all our wants. In fact to all around, he was one among a thousand, night and day going about and doing good; carrying his heart in his hand, without a thought of himself, he was ever ready in the thought of others. It was the beginning of a binding love and friendship between him and us. Ah! how one misses now his bright, wise and loving life; and the graphic tales of the Mutiny that used to flow from his ready lips—a living portraiture—which

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Charged with Intelligence Department 37

he was never weary of recounting. French too was a dear friend to us. He not only devoted himself to the service of the native converts, who owed their safety to him; but was unwearied in his pastoral care of all, and attendance on the sick and needy.

It must have been a couple of days after the battle, that the Lieutenant-Governor placed me in charge of the Intelligence Department. This involved the very serious responsibility of keeping myself, by means of spies and informers, *au courant* with the progress of the revolt in every direction. For this end, a body of confidential messengers had to be entertained and highly paid. Where the road was dangerous, as towards Cawnpore, they had to carry little letters written on the thinnest paper, thrust sometimes into a quill or secreted in any part of the body. The risk was great, for they were often searched, and if any letter was found upon them, they were killed or even blown from guns; and it took from a week to a fortnight for a letter to get through to Cawnpore.

38 *Intelligence Records and Correspondence*

Among these tiny scrolls I had several from Havelock, on his march to Lucknow, in my collection, which were sent to Kaye and not returned*; other little specimens of the same sort will be seen in the respective volumes. As the spies and informers came in at any hour of the day, and sometimes of the night, I used to take down their depositions from their lips at once; and the news, if important, was communicated to Mr. Colvin or other of the authorities.† For some weeks that grand old man, Choubey Gunshâm Doss, blind as he was, waited on me daily as my chief informant. Eventually he went away to watch matters at his Etah Tehseel, and there was killed, being surprised by the rebels. His brother, Jye Kishen Doss, was granted, both for his own services and in recognition of his brother's, the title of Rajah and C.S.I.‡ For some time I had only such loose

* They were sent with the other books and correspondence to Kaye, but were not returned with the rest by the lady with whom, at his death, he left them.

† These daily depositions are chiefly in vol. vi.

‡ His photograph is in the picture we have containing those also of Sir Syud Ahmed and Raja Shiva Pershad.

sheets to write upon as are at the beginning of Vol. I. I had also to maintain daily correspondence with the authorities in both quarters, East and West, keeping each informed of what was going on elsewhere;—chiefly thus, with Greathed at Delhi, Sherer and Havelock at Cawnpore, and many others besides. As the country below became clearer, I began to correspond also direct with Calcutta. Copies of all my letters were at once entered in the several books by Oldfield, Outram, Farquhar, Thornhill, and Lowe; and much in your Mother's own hand.* At first, and from time to time as Mr. Colvin was well enough, and able to dictate, many of the letters were written as from him; and I consulted him regularly in his apartments just beyond ours, in the north-east buttress of the Fort, looking out upon the Taj. For months, Rajpootana and Bombay was the only route by which ordinary posts could be sent to Calcutta and England, and that with some difficulty

* When any very secret news had to be mentioned, it will generally be found written in Greek lettering, occasionally also in French, lest it should fall into the enemy's hands.

and delay.* It was not till the beginning of 1858 that the road *via* Cawnpore to Calcutta began to be open. This intelligence work gave me regular, often unremitting, employment for hours which, cut off as we were from all else, must otherwise have fallen wearily upon me.

As may be supposed, the inhabitants at large, with nothing to do, besides the tittle-tattle of the day, allowed all sorts of reports to fly about, seldom true and often alarming. To place important news as it came in at their command, I began, after a month or two, to circulate printed sheets of intelligence. The first of these dates at the beginning of September, and the last issue in my collection is that of the 5th January 1858, when the posts, being more or less open, and the local papers partly re-established, they were no longer needed. The collection is with the other papers.

* For a long time the only intelligence we had of your Grandmother Wemyss, and Aunt Mary Havelock, then living at Mussoorie, was through your Uncle William and others in England, who had their letters through the Punjab and Bombay.

There was, and I fancy still is, a little bungalow within two or three hundred yards from the Taj Gate of the Fort. Being so close to our guns it escaped the destruction of the 5th July,—the only bungalow indeed that did survive. To give the children, and especially the twins who still suffered from their eyes, a reviving change of scene and air, we were granted the privilege of occupying it. How charming it was after long confinement within battlements, to get out into open space, and into a house with all its free surroundings, one can well remember. When we first had this pleasure I forget; and for long it was only in the day-time we could with safety stay outside, returning always before the gates were closed at night into the Fort. But in a letter to Harington (who had gone *via* Rajpootana to Calcutta), I find this notice of it:—

We have moved out again into a bungalow; this time, I trust, permanently. I am going to have my double-storied house re-thatched. Mrs. Harington and Mrs. Phillips looking well.

This letter is dated 5th November, several
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42 *Agra again Threatened by Gwalior Rebels*

weeks after our second attack; but we had probably ventured out some little time before that date. Eventually, when it became safe to sleep in this bungalow, Farquhar and others of our party used to come out also, and sleep in the verandah. We had also our carriage there; and the horses one remembers feeding in the compound round about the house.

The attack of the Nemuch mutineers from Gwalior, just adverted to, was the last that threatened Agra. The Gwalior Contingent had long been a source of uneasiness to us, but was kept back (as already mentioned), even after it had mutinied, from any hostile movement through the influence of Dinkur Rao, by whose wisdom and strength of purpose Scindia was guided. The Contingent itself eventually taking the route along the Jumna attacked Cawnpore; but a Mutinous body from Nemuch and Indore, with the riff-raff of rebels and deserters about Gwalior, now made Agra their object. Throughout September, reports kept coming in every day that this body was on the eve of marching against us. At last, well on in the

month, they did start from Gwalior; but they loitered on the road, and spent several days at Dholepore, some thirty miles from us, endeavouring to treat with the Rajah there. As they approached Agra, Macpherson and I had daily, and latterly even hourly, intelligence from our spies of their progress and of their design to storm our Fortress, which were laid at once as they came in before Colonels Fraser and Cotton. The news at last became so alarming, and the approach so close, that on the evening of Saturday the 8th October I urged on both the immediate need of sending out "a reconnoitering party, and continuous military pickets." By great good fortune, a strong column under General Greathed was just on its way from Delhi to Cawnpore; and when the danger threatening us became known, it was turned aside from Allygurh to relieve us. To hasten therefore their march, mounted messengers were every few hours despatched to tell Greathed of the pressing danger, and of the urgent need of help, and desiring him to come on by forced marches, so as to prevent any surprise. The imminence of the attack is men-

tioned in several places of my correspondence; for example, on the 9th, Sunday, the day before the battle, I find this in a letter to Sherer:—

The Indore force is moving steadily on this. It is to-day at Tehree, and is making preparations for bringing its guns across the Kharee River, about ten miles distant. Some hundreds of Sowars have already crossed, and are prowling about the country and obstructing the road. A reconnoitering party of our Militia cavalry went out this morning. It was fired on at the river, and followed, though at a respectful distance, by the enemy's cavalry to within a few miles of Agra.

To watch its advance and guard against a surprise, had thus become no longer a matter for unarmed and helpless spies. It had passed into the hands of the Military. Why reconnoitering parties and pickets, as I suggested, were not kept out all night and on Monday morning to prevent surprise, I never could understand; but so it was. On Monday morning, Greathed's column arrived, and marched through the streets amid crowds of applauding citizens. So little danger, indeed, was apprehended, that we drove out in our carriage with Farquhar to meet the force as it crossed the bridge of boats, and

get hold of Anson, who had ridden in the day before to see us and then returned to camp. Coming up when he saw us we took him in our carriage to see our ruined bungalow, and then back with us to the Fort. The column had meanwhile marched on to the Cantonment, but no sooner had they begun to pitch their camp on the Gwalior side of the Station, than suddenly the Enemy's guns opened fire upon them. Trusting to the military outlook already mentioned, I had so little anxiety myself at the moment, that, as we were sitting quietly at breakfast on Monday the 10th, with Anson and Norman (who had just come up from the Camp) at our table, we were suddenly startled by the guns of the rebel force, and both hurried off to the fight. But the enemy had already been driven back, and was in full flight; and doubtless, as was said at the time, the surprise was more on their side than ours. But our helpers judged us severely, and reasonably so. The following passages may be of interest, as showing where the blame lay. One of them mentions Anson's arrival; it was a great pleasure

seeing him again; but the Column with Grant, who now took command, at once passed on. On the 9th, Sunday, I find myself writing thus to Delhi :—

The Indore mutineers are crossing the Kharee, ten miles off, and insolently threaten Agra. Their cavalry are prowling about, and fired on our reconnoitering party this morning. Providentially, just as we should have been reduced to straits from the smallness of our force and want of horse, the movable column arrives. Captain O. Anson has just ridden in from the camp. Five hundred horse and two troops of cavalry are within a few miles of us; to-morrow the rest of the column will come in. So, if the Indore men will only wait a little, we hope to read them a lesson for their impudence.

And again next day, after the battle :—

And now for our own exciting intelligence. Greathed's entire column came in, upon our urgent summons, by forced marches this morning. Fortunate that they did! Our insolent enemy, not calculating that help was so near, attempted a surprise of the city. The troops were refreshing themselves on the parade ground between the Metcalfe Testimonial and the Burying-ground, when, from the high crops around, our concealed enemy opened upon them from three sides. All was confusion at first, and a few of our poor fellows were cut up. But order was soon restored; and the enemy's fifth shot, it is said, was replied to. The cannonade at first was very sharp; but we could soon perceive that the reports

became more and more distant. By midday we were in full pursuit; by one, the intervals between the discharges of artillery showed that we were rapidly proceeding onwards, unlimbering occasionally. . . . Great numbers of dead bodies of the enemy are left beyond our encampment. Several guns—some say eight—have been taken. . . . I do not know how the surprise occurred. There was full intimation that the enemy were crossing yesterday, and our reconnoitering party was fired on. What military precautions were taken this morning I do not know. French of the Lancers has been killed; Jones terribly wounded; and a third cavalry officer slightly wounded.

On the Tuesday I added :—

Yesterday's account of the action requires little to be added to it. The pursuit and defeat of the enemy were complete,—eleven guns, some immense fellows, were taken; very many of the enemy killed, and on our side very few indeed,—only three or four I believe, with a number wounded in the first surprise. The enemy's camp, ammunition, plunder, everything taken from them.

This danger over, Agra no longer felt anxiety from any quarter. The Contingent left Gwalior as before stated, some two or three days after this fight, and marched against Cawnpore. Next month, Dinkur Rao came over to see us; and at Christmas, Scindia himself honoured us with

a visit. To the West, the country was quite peaceful, and communications open as in time of peace; so much so, that Mrs. Harington and other ladies were able before the end of the year to leave us for Calcutta or England. But to the East, the roads continued as before, absolutely closed; the only mode of communication was still by Cossids, who took at least a week or ten days to get through to Cawnpore. Things continued so till Futtehghurh was taken by the Commander-in-Chief, 27th December, after which the Trunk road to Cawnpore and Calcutta, on the right bank of the Ganges, was freely open to travelling and traffic; though rebellion still raged in Oudh on the opposite bank.

With the return of tranquillity people began in numbers to leave the Fort, as quarters became available outside, in town or cantonment. A double-storied house or "Library," as we used to call it, within our compound, and close to our ruined bungalow, being built of masonry, had, excepting its roof, pretty well escaped, and so we early set about repairing it. It must have been about the beginning of the New Year that we

quitted the little bungalow at the Fort gate, where we had found such rest and comfort, and took up our residence in the "Library." Here, then, we should have remained, resuming our old habits of life, had I not towards the end of January received a summons from Calcutta to join the Governor-General at Allahabad with part of the Secretariat Office. Lord Canning had arranged to make that his headquarters during 1858, carrying with him the Foreign Office, and at the same time to assume immediate charge of the North-West Provinces in place of appointing a new Lieutenant-Governor; and as the country was gradually re-occupied, so to restore it to order. It was accordingly to join Lord Canning as Secretary to his Government of the North-West Provinces, while I at the same time as Member of the Board, took revenue charge of the lower districts, that I was called to Allahabad; while Reade, with Thornhill as his secretary, remained at Agra for the revenue administration of the upper districts.

Thus, on the 7th February 1858, leaving your Mother with the family at Agra, I travelled by

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carriage Dak to Allahabad; and can well remember the lonely feeling of driving along my old haunts now so sadly changed, through the Cawnpore and Futtehpore Districts, scenes of such tragic events, and in such close proximity to the still rebel border of Oudh. It was two or three months later that I was joined by your Mother and the children. We at first had rooms—for accommodation was still hard to get—in an out-building used for the Secretariat office; but eventually in the large and comfortable house behind the Cucherry at the Kuttra. To carry on the secretariat work, I gradually got down the greater part of the native Christians, who had by this time returned from the Fort to the Secundra Orphanage. The Rev. David Mohun, of the C.M.S. at Chunar, took the pastorate charge at Allahabad. I helped him sometimes, and eventually settled the community in a piece of land beautifully overlooking the Ganges, where the Christian village has grown up, and which is now called "Muirabad."

The children went up in the hot weather to Mussoorie; but Katie and Thomason stayed on

with us. And we remember how sweet and kind Lady Canning used to be to Katie. A little girl then of four or five, she used to go over to Lowther Castle to interpret Lady Canning's orders to her servants, and to feed four black swans swimming in the pond hard by—a gift by Lord Clyde, the only booty (he used to boast) he had brought away with him from Lucknow. Lord and Lady Canning lived very simply in this unpretending house, the best, however, that was available in the Station. It served them for all purposes, both private and official, Lady Canning having but a single room for herself. Lord Canning was equally homely in his wants. I admired his self-possession and strong sense of justice. The wild hue and cry against all Natives, good and bad, was checked by his firm resolve to protect the unoffending, and confine punishment to the guilty. He had strong control over himself; and I can remember how he would simply bite his lip when tidings of reverse came in. But he had also a singular habit of procrastination, the same which led to such an unfortunate issue at the Barrackpore Mutiny.

52 "*Clemency,*" *Canning's Highest Praise*

He would keep the boxes of despatches sent to him by his Secretaries for disposal days and days, and then return a whole heap of them at once, so that urgent matters might easily have escaped orders till evil had ensued. On my stated visits to his official room, I used to find his table with a whole battlement of undisposed boxes around him. But with it all, he was a grand man; and the nick-name, "Clemency Canning," with which our people used to abuse him, was in effect the highest praise that could have marked his just and noble life.

It was the beginning of the following year that Carry arrived in Calcutta (Willy had, I think, already joined us a few months before), and your Mother went down in a Steamer to meet her there. Returning with her by Dak carriage, there happened one of the most merciful escapes the family ever had. Just then occurred the inroad which the rebel Kunwar Singh made from Bundlekhund into Jounpore. In doing so, he must cross the Trunk road somewhere between Patna and Benares. Alarmed at

the news of his close approach just about the critical moment when your Mother would be passing up the same way, I started off in company with Farquhar for Benares. Arrived there we found, to our intense relief, that your Mother had already passed the spot—thank God, safely—just after the savage horde had crossed the road, and that she was already on her way to Allahabad, having passed us without our knowing. But how great the deliverance! for at the point where the rebels had passed by the day before, were found the broken remains of a Dak carriage, which the rebels had seized, and murdered the Baboo passengers in it. When your Mother next day came up, the spot was still being patrolled as dangerous by mounted pickets. For a little way off, by the Trunk roadside, there was fortunately a Dumdumma (small fortress) occupied by an Artillery detachment. The carriage was stayed there by the Officer in charge for the night. Your Mother and Carry were kindly invited to go into their Mess for dinner, but remained on in their carriage till the morning, when, the road being declared safe,

they were allowed to pass on to Benares. And so it was that Farquhar and I, with thankful hearts, found that they had gone ahead of us to Allahabad. What the difference of a few hours might have caused! Thank God for the deliverance. This must have happened about the middle of March, as I find that Kunwar Singh defeated Milne in Jounpore on the 22nd of that month.

And so ends our personal interest in the Mutiny. I have confined myself strictly to matters immediately affecting Agra and the family. And one cannot close the brief review without an earnest thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father for sparing your Mother and the children from dangers which overwhelmed so many of our fellow-countrymen elsewhere, to which we were ourselves for so many months exposed, and crowning us throughout with His loving kindness and tender mercy.

Coldstream charged with Mutiny Records 55

The volumes of Correspondence spoken of at the beginning of this little story, are full of matter which, well digested, should not be wanting in historical importance. I have, therefore, committed them into the hands of William Coldstream, who promises to select and arrange the more valuable of the materials in such a way as to allow of their being printed. There are many passages throughout of the deepest interest, such, for example, as the account of the overthrow of Delhi, by a native; and also of its re-occupation, by another.

When Mr. Coldstream has done with these records, they will then be placed for safe custody in the Library of the University, where they will be available for reference to any who might wish to consult them.

A descriptive list is subjoined.

*DESCRIPTION of the RECORDS belonging to the period
of the Mutiny, as kept by me when in charge
of the Intelligence Department at Agra,—from
July 1857 to January 1858.*

Volume I.—Correspondence after the battle of 5th July to 30th September 1857.

One side contains mainly letters sent to the Authorities down country,—Cawnpore, Lucknow, etc.; the other to those up country,—Delhi, Meerut, etc.

[The correspondence at first was largely by direction of the Lieutenant-Governor when he was sufficiently able to attend to it; but he was often disabled by illness, and died 9th September.]

Volume II. contains letters from October to 19th November 1857, addressed down country to Cawnpore, Allahabad, and Calcutta; chiefly to Mr. Sherer, with intelligence for Lord Canning of affairs at Delhi and elsewhere in the Upper Provinces; and telegrams for the Governor-General at Calcutta.

Volume III.—Same as No. II., from 20th November 1857 to end of January 1858.

On its other side is an important document, drawn up by me at Lord Canning's request, on the alleged dishonour of European women by the rebels at the several mutinies and outbreaks; with the opinions of the several able officers whom I consulted. The almost universal opinion was that the attacks were purely murderous, with no attempt anywhere at dishonour.

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Volume IV.—Letters to Colonel Greathed's column, and other up-country authorities, from 1st to 16th October.

Volume V.—Epitomes of Notes of Correspondence from other stations, received by myself and others, in order to keep ourselves *au courant* with what was going on elsewhere, and the opinions and views in other quarters,—during August and September 1857. One side relates to correspondence of officers at Delhi and up-country stations; the other to letters from stations below,—as Cawnpore, Allahabad, Calcutta, etc.

[This volume contains also a few native (Urdoos) documents of interest, including copy of a Lucknow paper published in March 1857, and an original copy of the Nana's proclamation put forth at Cawnpore against the Company's government.]

Volume VI.—The Notes of Intelligence collected, and depositions of informers, spies and messengers,—commenced three days after the battle of 5th July, and at first written on loose slips, the only thing available at the moment. The last entry is dated 11th December 1857. Some of the narratives by natives who had fled from Delhi, and other depositions, will be found intensely interesting.

Volume VII.—Continuation of Volume IV., being letters written to Delhi, from October to December 1857, chiefly to Saunders, who succeeded as Commissioner on Greathed's death. It contains intelligence from down country, remarks on the treatment of natives in Delhi, news about the battle of 10th October, and other local matters.

List of Intelligence Records 59

Volume VIII.—Unbound. Private letters, chiefly to Havelock, copied by Lady Muir, from 6th August to 9th September 1857.

Book IX.—Printed sheets with the news of the day, circulated in the Fort,—September 1857 to January 1858.

X.—Envelope containing original correspondence, chiefly from Sherer at Cawnpore, during the autumn of 1857, giving daily accounts conveyed in light and tiny sheets by Cossids of events there and at Lucknow.

Also printed Census of Inhabitants in the Fort. List of Officers who lost their lives in the Bengal Presidency from May to December 1857,—so far as then known at Agra.

WILS AME
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